

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE BLIND BOY OF MOROCCO

How many of us have been thinking that if all those who are fighting or detesting Hitler now had come into the war at the beginning this appalling catastrophe would have been over long ago? We can hardly doubt that that is true.

The world must pay with years of war for the failure of the civilised nations to realise in 1939 what they see plainly in 1941. Except for Hitler's whipped jackals, and a few poor fools and quislings in every land, all mankind now knows that the Nazis are nothing more than robbers and murderers banded together to overthrow law and order and reduce the world to the level of the jungle.

Life is Very Complicated

It will seem incredible to posterity, perhaps, that the ordered world of 1930 could become the slaughter-house of 1940, that a madman raving in a beer-cellar at Munich could bring country after country clattering down. Yet we have seen it. We have seen him marching through blood and fire, enslaving the peoples of Europe and starving whole populations. We have seen his hangmen with the power to knock at any door in Europe and shoot whoever comes.

It is true, of course, that it would have been so easy to stop it all if the world had come together in time. It is equally true that it has happened because the world would not believe it possible.

It is not that the world is stupid, but that life is complicated. In a world with a hundred countries it must be. Nothing is quite so simple as we are apt to think it is. Even the moving pictures which have captivated this generation *do not move*. The peacock's tail we all love to see has no colour in it, and a lump of black coal, lying like a dead thing, is full of enchanting colours. If these things are true, how true it is that the life of millions of human beings is not always what it seems.

It is a proper understanding of the world, and of each other, that mankind needs above all else. It is a living faith, a way of life, that men and nations must have if humanity is to march to its destiny and not to return to the jungle. It is, as Mr H. G. Wells says, not necessary that man should continue to exist; he may destroy himself by his blockheadedness and ignorance, or may allow his own machines, or scientific wild beasts like Nazis, to end his reign on earth. But it will not happen. The faith of man in his own high destiny, his knowledge of the way to overcome his enemies, his capacity to magnify the power of good as the Nazi magnifies the power of evil, will secure his survival and will yet endow him with the mastery of the earth.

Is Life Becoming Easier?

May it not be that in these tumultuous days we are approaching the age in which life will become less complicated, and therefore easier and happier for us all? Are we not seeing the complex political problems of nations reduced to a marvellous simplicity?

THE whole secret of the British Empire lies in the effort to understand the thousands of points of view among races and tribes. It has not been easy to bring all these strangely-mingled peoples into one great brotherhood. Often a false step, or a wrong word, or an innocent gesture, has meant the difference between success and failure, between life and death.

There is a dramatic tale of an English traveller in Morocco which throws a flood of light on the hard path a man must tread if he would seek to bring together all the strange faiths, creeds, tribes, and races of the earth, and make one human family with a simple understanding of each other. It is the true story of an Englishman who loved his fellow men. He had an estate in Shropshire, but he loved to see the world and to know its peoples. At the time of this story he was much interested in the people of Morocco, and one night, in returning from the desert, he noticed that one of the men of his party was missing. He had been left behind in the desert because he had broken his leg. What was the use of a man with a broken leg?

We can only imagine the astonishment of these people when the Englishman rose from his table, left his dinner, called for his horses, and set out in the dark to find a man lying in the desert with a broken leg; and their surprise knew no bounds when the great white man, having found the native and set the broken bone, brought him safely home in his carriage.

The Old Man and His Son

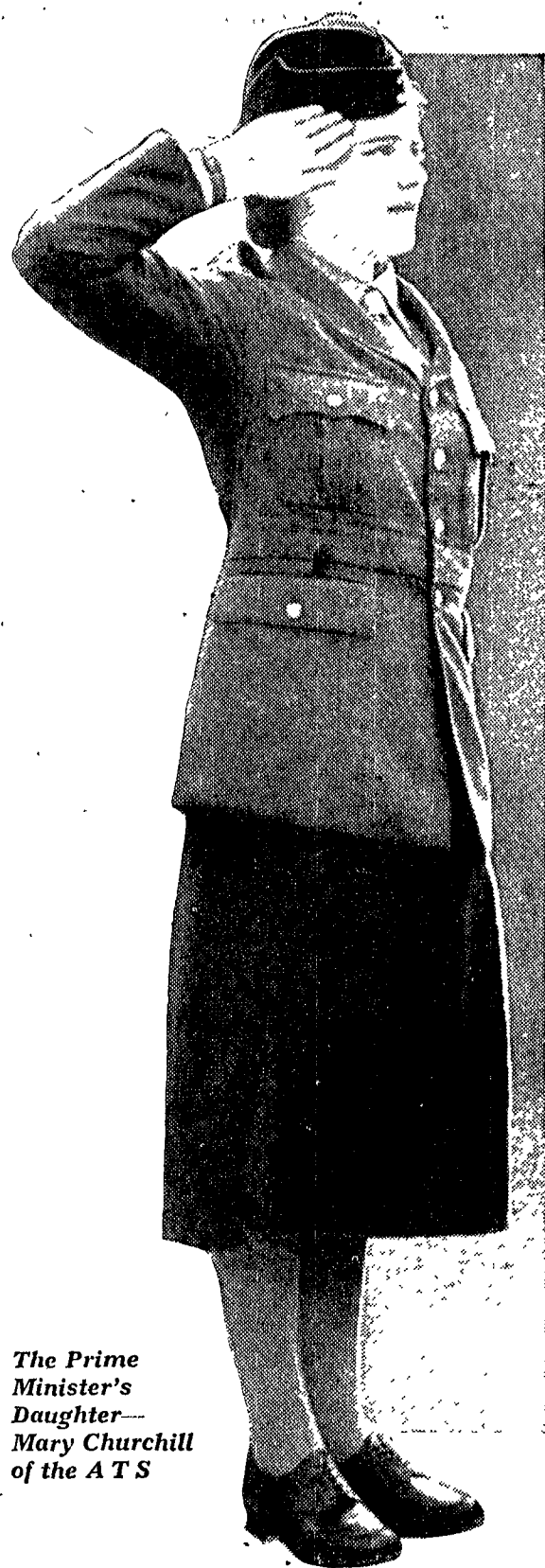
The fame of the Englishman spread like lightning. This white man loved brown men and was kind to them. He had mended a broken leg, and everybody talked of the wonderful magician. Time passed and the traveller came across the brigand Raisuli, in whose following he found a boy going blind. He was filled with pity for the poor lad, whose sight had almost gone through neglect, and he set himself to do what he could to save it. He was successful. He lifted the scales from the boy's eyes and gave him back his vision.

His fame spread wider and wider. This Englishman could mend a broken leg and give a blind boy his sight. A marvellous miracle-worker was this white man, a prophet of God who scattered the powers of darkness. Distant villages heard of him and spread the news of his astonishing powers.

IN one of these far villages of Morocco lived an old man and his youngest son, a beloved son who had been blind from birth. The tragedy had broken the father's heart, and the news of the magician who had opened the eyes of a boy in Raisuli's camp came to him like a promise from heaven. He had prayed all his life that his son might have his eyes opened, and now God had answered his prayers. He rose up one morning and set out with his son for the distant village in which the Englishman was living. He arrived at the house, and great was his joy as he was shown without delay into the presence of the white man. His heart leapt high, his eyes glistened with tears, as he bowed himself to the dust and begged that the Englishman, in the name of Allah, would be merciful to him and give sight to his poor blind child.

The Bitter Truth

The Englishman was profoundly moved and humbled by the old man's simple trust in him. He drew the boy to him and examined his eyes, silently praying that he might be able to restore their sight. What was the horror of this sensitive man, what was the grief that flooded his soul to its depths, when he discovered that the boy was blind from birth, that his eyes had never been opened, and that there was no power to open them?



The Prime
Minister's
Daughter—
Mary Churchill
of the A T S

When his emotion at last allowed him to speak, the Englishman broke the bitter news to the old father. Nothing, he told him, could give sight to those blind eyes. The old man listened in bewilderment and said no word. The Englishman explained again, and the old man shook his head. Natives standing by explained what the white man said, but the father stood like a man dazed and stunned. Then the blind boy explained the matter to his father; there was no hope, he said, that his poor eyes could ever be opened on this earth.

We Must Understand

Now, at his son's words, the old man realised that nothing was to be done for his boy. He burst into tears and tore at his clothes, and turning to the Englishman with a wild look in his eyes he said: "You cured the other boy. You opened his eyes. Then why do you not open my boy's, my little son's?" In vain the Englishman sought to make him understand. "He is a good boy," the old man said. "He has done no evil. He prays to Allah! Why will you not be merciful to him? You do not love him. He does not please you. You are angry with him. You despise him. You think he is a dog—yes, you think he is a dog!"

The old man took the hand of his son and left the house in a flood of weeping, angry with the

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Neutrality in the Waste-Paper Basket

IN the Conference at Moscow at the end of last month Mr Harriman, the American representative, gave his country's word of honour that certain armaments and materials for making them would be supplied by his countrymen to Russia forthwith. On our behalf Lord Beaverbrook promised the supply and delivery of the balance of Russia's urgent requirements.

Yet at the very moment of this promise America was subject to a Neutrality Act passed in 1939 for the purpose of keeping their country out of war.

Hitler, however, has made it clear that his purpose is to defeat the democracies one by one, and, boaster that he is, he has not concealed his intention of including the New World as well as the Old in his plan for a New Order under Nazi domination.

President Roosevelt and his Government have realised from the early weeks of this war that the freedom their country has enjoyed for a century and a half would be at stake should Hitler bestride Europe, Asia, and Africa like a Colossus, and they have step by step won the support of their own people, and of those other American nations looking to the U.S.A. as their protector, in taking steps to check the Nazi advance.

The Lease-and-Lend Act and the acquisition of advance posts in the Atlantic are examples of America's participation in this worldwide struggle, but it became clear that the Neutrality Act was tying their hands.

Its most shackling provisions prevent American ships from entering the waters of countries engaged in the war, and merchantmen from carrying guns to defend themselves if attacked.

Step by Step

At first it was thought the President would ask Congress to annul the whole Act, but step by step appears to be his motto; and probably rightly, for the majority of his people are among the most conservative people in the world and very anxious to keep to themselves. Most of them work hard and have little time or inclination to study what is going on beyond the wide oceans which separate them from the rest of mankind. They are so self-contained in their lives that it is not easy to persuade them that they are in peril.

It is not that they do not sympathise with the sufferings of those who are standing up for

freedom. Even the most remote farmer in the Middle West will support a fund to send relief to the afflicted Europeans. They are, however, slow to appreciate how Hitler can possibly subjugate so vast a territory as theirs.

The attack on Russia has opened the eyes of millions, and the Middle West view is slowly changing.

Mr Roosevelt has solemnly warned all his fellow-countrymen of the serious position today, and as it is essential that arms and war materials made in America should reach the Allies with speed, he has asked Congress to repeal Clause Six of the Neutrality Act, which forbids the arming of merchant ships.

The Panama Flag

He has asked Congress also to give earnest attention to alterations in the Act so that American ships can carry the arms produced in America to the ports of Hitler's enemies. There is no ban in the case of many ports, such as those in Asiatic waters, but the ports of our own island and Empire, are banned.

"We cannot and should not," the President says, "depend on the strained resources of the exiled nations, Norway and Holland, to deliver our goods; nor should we be forced to masquerade American-owned ships behind the flags of our sister republics."

The last words refer to Panama, under whose flag American-owned ships have been carrying American-made goods. It was significant that at the very time Mr Roosevelt's message was being read the democratic party in Panama drove into exile their pro-German President, who had tried to stop this use of their flag.

The idea of Neutrality has long been on the rubbish heap, and the Neutrality Act will soon be in the waste-paper basket. It has been a record of the sincere desire of Americans to avoid "shooting," but its passing will be a witness to the stern resolve of America to bring German Barbarism to a stop.

THE BLIND BOY OF MOROCCO

Continued from page 1

white man and his race that he should think his little son a dog. Nothing could make him understand. He was as blind to the truth as his boy was blind to the golden desert and the blue sky of Morocco.

The Englishman came home and settled down on his country estate. He had served his country well and loved mankind like Abou ben Adhem; but never could he forget the tragic sight of that old man and his little son, and the bitter cry of a father in his agony—"That is why you will not open his eyes; you think he is a dog." Not to his dying day did he cease to think of those two sorrowful figures, one blind to the beauty of this fair earth, one blind to

the truth of things. So all the world over life is the slow opening of the eyes, and there are those whose eyes will not see and would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

It is a story of three people, and in it is the heart of the problem that has brought the world to this. It is not enough that we should love our brother; it is needful that our brother should open his eyes and understand. The day draws nearer, let us hope, when all nations and men will understand that the only fight that matters is the fight between Good and Evil. It is plainer and plainer every day, and it is good to see nine-tenths of all mankind rejecting the evil and accepting the good. Time marches on. **Arthur Mee**

OUR LONG LINE OF SCIENTISTS By One of Them

THERE was nobody better than Sir Richard Gregory for the British Scientists Volume of Collins's Britain in Pictures Series. This attractive set of 36d. books has become very popular and presents us to the world in vivid colour and with authority.

Sir Richard surveys the entire field of science and introduces us to our immortals one by one, explaining the place of each of these great minds in the scientific prestige of the nation. It is a weighty contribution to the series, and perhaps the most vital of all the volumes in its appeal.

It ranges from the days of the wise astrologists of old who were struggling through darkness for the light of knowledge, on to these days of astrological quacks who sin against the light, imposing on poor people what every one of them knows to be nonsense. Sir Richard, of course, wastes no time on these; he devotes himself to a brief and plain statement that we may all understand of the ideas and discoveries of the long line of scientists who have made the fame of our country what it is.

The volume is lavishly illustrated, a precious little art gallery of colour which any library would be glad to have.

Coughs & Sneezes Spread Diseases

The Ministry of Health is issuing the useful slogan, *Coughs and sneezes spread diseases*.

A special plate was held three feet away from an unguarded sneeze, and 19,000 colonies of living germs appeared on the plate!

When a handkerchief was held in front of the face only one colony of germs was found.

Careless sneezing may hinder the winning of the war by spreading colds among the workers.

THE ICELANDERS AND THE BIRDS

In many ways Iceland is behind the times while America is ahead, but the Americans now in Iceland are learning a few things. One is to value what is beautiful.

The people of Iceland have published a little book for all who visit their rough island home, and in their book is a plea for the birds. Here it is:

Please remember that it is not considered sport to shoot birds in Iceland. The birds are dearly loved as messengers of summer and beauty, and their shooting is strongly resented by the people.

Inflammable Eyeshades a Penny Each

While Russia is burning we may yet find a moment to think of little Bobbie Welsh of Aberdeen. He was wearing a celluloid eyeshade for fun, having bought it with other oddments for a penny.

Leaning over a candle, Bobbie suddenly found himself in flames, and was severely burned.

State Help For Young Australia

SUPPORTERS of the Family Endowment movement in this country will be watching with interest the effects of the new Act which has this summer come into operation in Australia.

Under this Act, which is similar to one passed in New South Wales 14 years ago, five shillings a week is paid from Commonwealth funds to the mother of every child in excess of one maintained by her until he is 16, and also to those charitable institutions which are approved by the Commonwealth or the separate States. It has been estimated that

there are 1,830,000 children under 16 in Australia, and of these 830,000 are ineligible as coming from families with only one child, so that a round million is the number whose mothers and guardians will receive the grant, which must be used solely for their maintenance, training, and advancement.

Australia, we are sure, will never have cause to regret the £13,000,000 a year she is spending in this way, and we hope the grant will lead to an increase in the population the Commonwealth so urgently needs for her development.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

PEOPLE are reading more and more. In Leeds the public library issues were for six months last year 1,604,275, and have been for six months this year 1,950,148.

Under Hitler's New Order the death-rate of babies in France is increasing rapidly for want of warmth and milk.

In making 7,356,500 pairs of boots bought by the Army this year more than 27,585,000 square feet of leather has been used, sufficient to cover Hyde Park.

It is reported from Dublin that Irish schoolboys are earning £3 a week by rabbit-trapping after school hours.

The vicar of Raskelf in Yorkshire is the A.R.P. leader of his village, his wife is in the W.V.S., his three sons are chaplains in the Services, and his five daughters are on war work.

A gunner in the R.A.F. who has a remarkable record for bringing down night raiders became known as Carrots because he was constantly munching that Vitamin A food, which has wonderful properties for improving night vision.

Scout and Guide News Reel

RANGERS of the 18th Wolverhampton Company spent a week's holiday working on a farm, and half their earnings provided a parcel of clothing for a shipwrecked sailor.

"Scarred but not scared" is the motto of Scouts of Malta, who are most energetic in carrying out every possible war service. "We carry on with a smile and a whistle as we know the Chief would have us do," they say.

Thirteen-year-old Scout John Cox has been awarded the Silver Cross for gallantry in air raids; often the wardens would remonstrate with him for his utter disregard of danger when helping others, but Cox invariably replied with a smile, "God will take care of me," and carried on undaunted.

THINGS SEEN

A tablet to Mr Neville Chamberlain in Heckfield village: Write me as one who loves his fellowmen.

A circus traction engine named Demolicious busy on demolition work in London.

A well-known London chef cooking meals at a pithead for 1500 miners.

THE American Junior Red Cross is sending Christmas boxes to 50,000 evacuated British children.

A correspondent writes that during an intensive paper salvage drive in a northern city he closely observed the bundles of papers put out for collection, but in no instance did he notice a copy of the C.N. among them!

Dock workers of a northern town, now in the Army, have formed a volunteer labour corps, and when on leave give some of their time to unloading ships.

Left without a vicar for months, the church of St Andrew, Rodley, near Leeds, is now looked after by its own people, who have painted it and undertake the various duties in turn, having formed a panel of lay preachers.

Two evenings a week are now being spent by members of Windsor's Youth Club in mending toys and dolls for local hospitals and nurseries.

The Stay-at-Home Holiday idea has been adopted by Oldham, Rochdale, and Ashton-under-Lyne, and at Oldham over 100,000 people have enjoyed concerts and amusements in the parks.

SCOUTS of Weston-super-Mare County School dealt with 1300 trees during their lumber camp in Scotland this year.

Bulawayo Scouts have collected five tons of metal and several tons of rags for the war.

Rangers, Guides, and Brownies of Larkhall in Lanarkshire having cultivated a big allotment are selling the produce for war funds.

CRIPPLED and blind girls working at home for the Guide Handicraft Depot have raised £75 in their National Savings Group.

The Gilt Cross has been awarded to Kathleen Donovan of the 2nd Londonderry Guide Company for her courage and common sense when her home and those of several neighbours were bombed.

Panama Acts

Panama has effectively disposed of the latest Nazi attempt to creep into favour there. President Arias, who was responsible for declaring that Panama ships could not carry arms into the war zones, has been overthrown and has fled the country. His successor is in favour of collaboration with the U.S. Government.

October 25, 1941

The Children's Newspaper

Billy Brown of London Town

It is the sincere hope of the C.N. that the influence of Billy Brown will not be confined to the London Town with which the name of this new figure on the metropolitan hoardings so aptly rhymes.

Billy Brown is, of course, the chief agent of the campaign launched to make the public do their duty in avoiding accidents. These have increased appallingly during the war, and it is true that for every two people killed by the raiding aeroplane one man, woman, or child has been killed on our own roads.

If half the propaganda on safety from bombs had been devoted to safety from road accidents we are convinced that

the ghastly total of 18,431 deaths since the outbreak of the war would have been far, far less.

Films, broadcasts, and lectures in schools are to be used in addition to advertising in a national effort to make young and old aware of their grave responsibilities to themselves, their families, and their fellow-countrymen in avoiding this growing peril.

Dealt with earnestly and intelligently, it is a peril which can be lessened, as the experience of Salford has long proved.

We trust that Billy Brown of London Town will be regarded not merely as a figure of fun, but as a wise counsellor.

BIGGER WAGES

War wages continue to rise. After considerable rises in the first four months of 1939 and in 1940, a further 4s a week was gained by 7,300,000 wage-earners in the first eight months of this year.

This 4s is the rise gained in full-time wage rates, but it does not tell us how the actual earnings have risen. Piecework and overtime are not taken into account in the figures given. If we have regard to family incomes, the gain has been even more considerable, for the number of workers per family has increased in cases where the head of a family is not a service man.

BRINGING HOME THE BACON

It is splendid news that during the next year Canada is to send us 600 million pounds of prime bacon, half her total output. It may seem as natural for her to do so as for her to send us nickel, but there is a great difference. Nickel is one of her native ores; pigs had to be taken to Canada from the Motherland.

When first colonised Canada had no domestic animals—no cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, or poultry, and no grain to feed them with. These have all been taken there as emigrants, like the Canadians themselves, so that it is interesting to think of things being sent back to us for sustenance in time of crisis.

The Fire-Watcher's Electric Eye

YET another use has been found for the photo-electric cell, the modern marvel of science which makes it possible to turn the effects of light into power.

Moscow has enrolled the photo-electric cell as a fire-watcher. An easily portable apparatus looking something like a reading lamp contains a photo-electric cell in a reflector. Wires connect this to a little box contain-

ing signal-elements, a galvanometer, and a bell; and any sparks or flames within about 60 feet are noted by the vigilant photo-electric cell, which causes the alarm bell to ring. In lofts and places where a continuous watch is difficult the apparatus will undoubtedly prove its worth. A somewhat similar adaptation has been available in our own country for some time.

Hot Dinners at School

THE Food Ministry is planning hot school dinners for all State schoolchildren this winter. Lord Woolton is to be congratulated on a reform which should do much to maintain the physique of the rising generation in this exacting war. The Minister tells us that he has food enough and that he wants to see the children of the elementary schools "fed as well as the boys at Eton and Harrow."

It is held that while our increased stock of food does not justify an increase in the general ration (excepting sugar and fat in the winter period—November

to March) it is ample to supply the special school dinner. It is a happy plan.

Not the Ministry of Food, but the Education Authorities are to carry out the plan. We trust, therefore, that they will do the work with enthusiasm and without undue delay. The price of the meal is not to exceed sixpence.

Smith Minor sends a special message to Lord Woolton urging him to continue the extra ½ lb of sugar per head after March, but we are bound to tell Smith Minor that the decision does not rest with the Food Ministry, but upon the Battle of the Atlantic.

GENTLEMEN

A British ship had been mined. All the crew had left the sinking vessel except the captain and chief officer and an injured Mohammedan fireman who had been severely scalded. Everyone imagined the Mohammedan had been killed, but just as the captain and officer were about to leave the ship he climbed out of the engine-room. The two uninjured men gave him the one lifebelt remaining, and as the ship sank they swam with him between them. It was hard work, but the captain and officer kept on for nearly a mile till they were picked up.

It was the sort of thing only gentlemen would do, and the sort of thing gentlemen could not help doing.

Two Years to Get Through

SOME much-needed cases of medical stores despatched from England for China in 1939 have only now arrived.

They had an adventurous journey before they arrived in Indo-China to find the Japanese already taking advantage of the moral collapse of France, and the Chinese were pulling up the railway line to make things awkward for the Japanese. The cases had to be unpacked and repacked suitably for carrying by coolies.

The leader of the little expedition unfortunately died of malaria, and a doctor who went to help nearly died also. Then Mr C. Y. Sun, who was in charge of a supply of Bibles for the

Christian Literature Society and was on the spot, took on the medical cases along with his Bibles.

Mr Sun found that he could not get through because of the bandits who swarmed everywhere, and so he secured an armed guard. Even so it took him ten weeks to bring all that was left of the loads safely into Kunming. On the way some horses fell into a ravine with the cases on their backs, 85 coolies died, 120 more fell ill, a bomb killed one, and bandits killed another. From Kunming the consignments went on by lorry to Cheng-tu, where the medicines had to be sorted out, for the labels had been lost on many bottles.

NEWS FROM A WOOD

A band of boys who had been playing in a Kent wood recently marched to the house of a village warden carrying a machine-gun they had found. It had been lying in the wood for almost a year, having fallen from a fighter which crashed in the Battle of Britain.

BECHUANALAND HELPS

Last February Mrs Olga Midgley, who lives at Serowe, the capital of the Bechuanaland territory ruled by the famous Chief Khama and now governed by Chief Tsekedi, taught three African girls to knit. They made warm garments to be sent to the victims of air raids in England, and this achievement stimulated the ambition of other girls and women in the district. A letter sent from South Africa in August states that the group now consists of 150 knitters, all of whom had to be taught to knit.

For the moment the girls have ceased making clothes for English people, having been asked by Chief Tsekedi to knit scarves for South African troops.

CHRISTMAS FRUITS

The naval position in the Mediterranean still prevents the importation of our pre-war supplies of currants, sultanias, and raisins, but an improvement in the dried fruits position will be made by shipments of evaporated fruits, particularly apples and prunes, from the United States and Canada. It is hoped that figs and dates will be available in the New Year.



A welder at work on universal gun carriages in an Australian munitions factory

LADY MOSQUITO

Mosquitoes are increasing, and have become a positive danger, according to a professor, who estimates an increase of 50 per cent this year on 1940.

The remedy is to use oil of lavender for the hands and neck when gardening in the evening.

It is desirable to rob the pests of their breeding places as much as possible, keep down weeds, fill up holes, drain pools, and put a little paraffin in water-butts. If we are bitten we should apply ammonia or iodine, and on no account scratch the wound.

There are 20 British species of mosquitoes, or gnats. Only the lady mosquito sucks our blood.

STORY

The story is told of a visitor who entered a village library and asked, "May I have the Letters of Charles Lamb?"

The new assistant answered pleasantly, "You are in the wrong building, Mr Lamb. The post office is across the street."

The Coal Fire in the Chalk Country

IN view of the threatened shortage of coal, a reader with a lifetime's experience of the subject offers a hint to people living in chalk-producing country on a method of economising fuel while maintaining adequate heat in the grate.

There must be at first a low, bright fire. To this is added a thin layer of coal, on top of

which are placed six or eight pieces of chalk, each about the size of an egg. On these is scattered small coal or preferably coal-dust. The chalk does not crumble, but becomes like stone and, taking the temperature of the burning coal, throws out intense heat. Such fires, if left undisturbed, burn for hours.

The Dust Sweeps Round the World

IN between the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands is an ocean area which is the legendary Sea of Darkness. It has been now recognised that the gloom descending on it rises from the dust of the Sahara borne over it by winds from Africa between January and April.

This fact is among others disclosed by recent investigations on dust in the air. How high it may be carried has been determined by the flights of planes in the upper air, where dust

from below is borne upwards from the earth as high as seven miles by sudden temperature changes, and occasionally still higher by volcanic explosions. Forty years ago, according to the records, 600,000 tons of dust from the Libyan Desert were scattered over Europe north of the Alps, and in 1934, the year of the violent winds which caused America's attention to her big Dust Bowl, 300 million tons of dust were broadcast over the breadth of the United States

October 25, 1941

The Children

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



SERGEANT YORK DECIDES

SERGEANT YORK, of the American Expeditionary Force in the last war, was the bravest man of all, said General Pershing, and he still lives in the Tennessee Mountains. This is what the sergeant said the other day.

People asked me, What did the Great War get you? and my reply is that by our victory we won a lease on liberty, not a deed to it. Now, after 23 years, Adolf Hitler tells me that the lease is expiring, and I have the privilege of fighting to renew it or letting it go by default. I choose to renew it.



What the world is waiting for

The Danger of a Nazi Crack

THE flash of hope that it might be possible to stir a touch of pity in the Nazi heart died almost as soon as it was born, and the wounded prisoners remain where they were.

It is unthinkable that human nature can have reached such depths as the Nazi mind has touched, and yet we remember that the Germans are a race apart with nothing in common with the rest of us, as Hitler is so fond of saying. Glad we are that it is so, for who would be a German now?

We are reminded of the typical Nazi-German of whom it was said that if he tried to smile it would crack his face.

Let Us Give Thanks

Thanks be to our Bakers!

WE hear the good news that, thanks to these good people who do so much to keep us all alive, no town in the country has been short of bread after an air raid.

Mr Churchill Must Have It

From a Correspondent

GEOFFREY is four. The little fellow has just started school. He came home one morning and pushed into the kitchen with these words: "Mummie, I want some pennies for Mr Churchill."

Mother said nothing but went on with preparing dinner.

Geoffrey: "My teacher says we must all bring money for Mr Churchill."

There was again a short silence when the lad persisted. "Has Daddie got the key of my money-box? That money will do."

Mummie: "No. Daddie hasn't the key. The man at the Post Office has it."

Geoffrey: "If I take my money-box round will he send it to Mr Churchill?"

Geoffrey doesn't want to let the Prime Minister down.

OULD IRELAND

IT was good to read of a Senator of Eire declaring that this is Ireland's war as well as England's.

There are vast numbers of Irishmen who feel it a shame that when the world is fighting for liberty Mr De Valera's Ireland is not there. If Hitler were to win, says the Irish Senator, there is nothing but rags and beggary left for Ireland, and well may we ask:

Is Ireland to plunge into rags and beggary merely to preserve her right to immemorial hate—or at least the right never to forget and never to forgive?

JUST AN IDEA

Hazlitt's advice may well be remembered by us all—not to write things that are not true about people you don't like.

The Old Man on the Pavement

By a Soldier of Today

THIS is a true story. To me it is a more vivid memory than the beach at Dunkirk or the first air-raids on London.

It was after the evacuation of the B.E.F. from France that our unit was sent for a refresher course to a training depot near a big town. While there we went each day on a route march through the streets, and before leaving barracks Sergeant-Major would say: "I hope you've all had your ration of bird-seed this morning, boys; I want to hear you sing!" The little joke was as much a part of the routine as the parade itself, and was always greeted with polite laughter from the ranks.

CLEAR of the barracks, the order would come to march at ease, and this was when someone would be sure to start up a song. "There's a cow in a field over there," "Has anyone seen the sergeant-major?" were favourites, but a tune we had learned in the cafés and estaminets of France was also popular. It was called "La Madelon."

One day, when we had been out on the march for some time, and were hot and tired and tramping in silence, someone began whistling and the rest of us took up the tune. Gradually the spring came back into our step and the column swung round the next corner looking for all the world like a company of Guards. At least, that is how we felt.

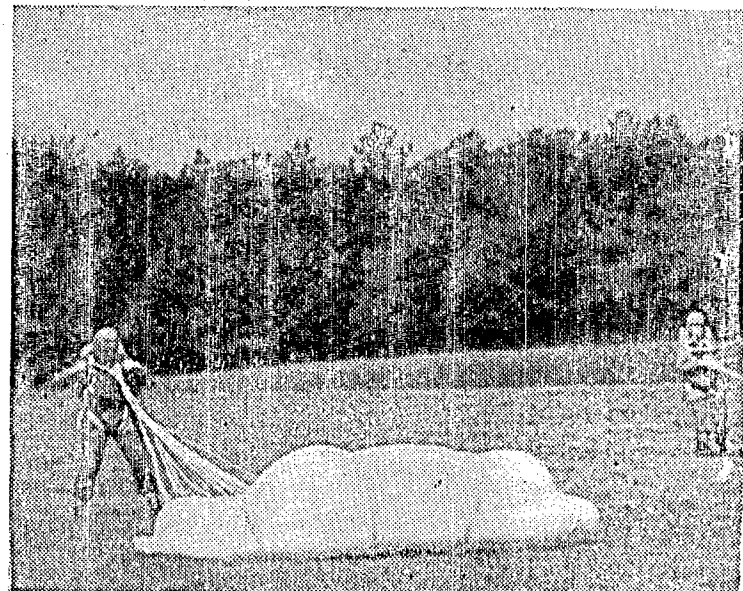
THEN we saw an old man on the pavement staring at us. He was a strange, squat figure, dressed in corduroys, a blue shirt tucked into his belt like a Russian dancer's, and on top of a shock of snowy-white hair he wore the peaked cap of a fisherman. But it was not his clothes which drew our attention to him. Wildly beating time to our whistling, he raised his cracked old voice to accompany us, seemingly oblivious of the tears which were falling fast on to his immense beard, and of the curious crowd which had gathered round him.

We lost sight of him round a bend before I realised that we had been whistling "La Madelon," and that he, twenty-odd years ago, may have marched to the tune along the dusty roads of Flanders.

WHAT bitter mixture of hope and regret passed through his mind when we had gone? He will probably never forget, this Free Frenchman of an enslaved France, the day when he heard in a foreign land the song of his beloved Poilu on the lips of the British Tommy.

Ignorance at the Listening Post

AN astonishing and disturbing story of ignorance comes to us from a country district. A woman switched on the wireless a few minutes late for the beginning of the news, and heard that "fighting had ceased." The news related to the recent Armistice in Persia, but the foolish woman immediately went out to tell her neighbours that the war was over!



Two of Britain's paratroops about to release their...

THE TWELVE GREAT

ALL the world has heard of the Twelve Labours of Hercules. One of our writers has been telling them again in a new way, with Britannia as the redoubtable Hercules.

The Snake in the Grass

NAZISM was a monstrous snake thing with a hundred forms of arms which grew continually. This fierce and noisome monster devastated Europa, dragging both men and women into slavery in the Reich swamp, where it lived. Britannia was aided by her friend Uncle Sam, who supplied the means of fire to set alight the snake thing's arm centres when she bombed them. They both copied its poisonous methods so that the wound Britannia gave it would be fatal. It should never have been allowed to rear its ugly head among men at all.

Slaying the Colossus

A DREADFUL wild animal was terrifying the inhabitants of Europa. Coming out of the Reich's dark depths from time to time, running wild and killing the peoples of neighbouring countries, so powerful was this beast that none dare attack it and neither word nor weapon could pierce its thick hide. But Britannia fought it by blockading it. Forcing it on its back, she slowly strangled it, removing its invulnerable skin, which ever after that she wore round her shoulders as a mantle of triumph.

The Capture of the Mad Goat

THERE lived in the mountains of Germania a mad he-goat dedicated to Mars, the god of war. Its horns were of steel though its feet were of clay. Being highly mechanised, it was so fleet of foot that none had been able to stay it. Britannia's plain duty was to capture it and bring it back dead to lay before the world. This she succeeded in doing after years of chasing through the obstacles that beset her on every side. As she set about it the wrath of Mars met her, but the war god was appeased when he knew the full story.

Cleansing the Abyss

MUSO the Messy was ersatz Top Wop of Black Abyss, where he treated the helpless natives far worse than cattle. This unfortunate country had not been cleansed since he soiled it with blood, and was in a really filthy state. The task of cleaning it

seemed altogether impossible. Britannia, however, easily effected this by breaking down all his resistance and diverting through the land fresh streams of her fighters, thus washing away thoroughly the horrible mire of the imitation invader.

The Germanian Boar

FAIR Europa was being fast ruined by a huge wild boar which came out of Germania and spared neither man, woman, child, nor animal. Britannia accordingly set out to capture the mad beast.

This savage pig-dog thing had hitherto defied all the poor attacks and simple ruses of the natives, who were so terrified of it that they crept into holes in the ground to hide. But when the monster faced Britannia it turned away and started savaging elsewhere. After a long and arduous chase, through mud and blood, with much toil and sweat, she succeeded in first subduing it, and then finally destroying it.

The Mechanised Eagle

THE pleasant lands of Europa were infested by a voracious Teuton eagle, whose wings, talons, and head were all made of mechanised metal. It fed on the flesh of men and animals.

When setting out to slay it Britannia was sorely puzzled how to get near it, so inaccessible was its nesting-place. She therefore begged Uncle Sam, the patron of good deeds, to help her, and he gave her arms. She stood on the edge of the over-run lands and made them echo with the terrible noise of her bombardment. The much-startled eagle thereupon flew but into the open, and Britannia was able to shoot it down to earth.

The Mad Bull of Germania

NASTY the Nazi, the Mad Bull of Germania, one of the countries in Europa, threatened to sacrifice his huge army of bulls and bullies to Neptune, God of the Sea, in an attempt to overthrow Britain, Mistress of the Seven Seas. Because of its great size and hideous conception, the herd became unwieldy and unmanageable, and finally leader and herd went mad and began an

Under the Editor's Table

MARINES run in some families. A sea-faring race.

A NEW revolution is on the way. Things will take a turn.

AMERICAN engineers have discovered something wonderful in aeroplanes. The RAF pilot?

THE man who describes himself as a sea-dog evidently has his own bark.

A FLAME-PROOF coat has been invented. An office boy wearing one cannot be fired.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If more hands are needed to supply arms

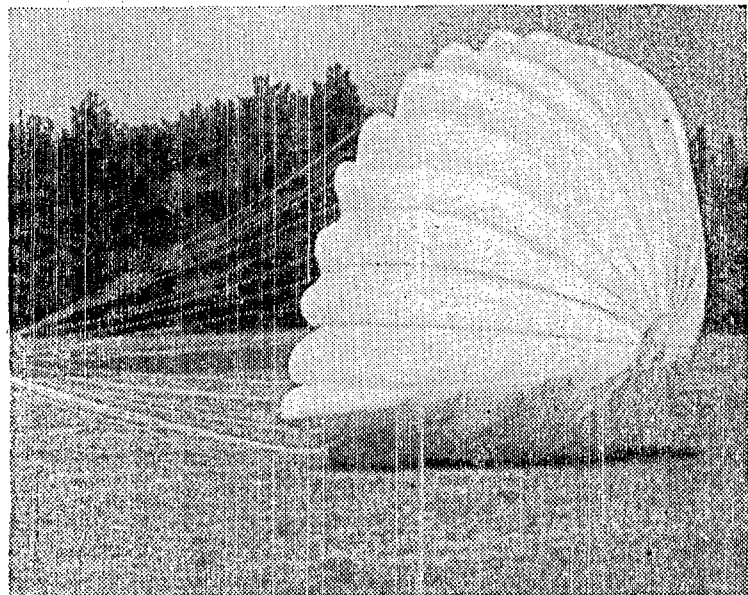
HITLER must see that the people of Europe are fed. But they are already fed up.

A DOCTOR thinks heavy people have strong mental powers. Certainly they carry weight.

A READER wants to know how to save coal. Don't burn it.

HOUSEWIVES are asked to share each other's ovens. They will probably get hot over it.

A LADY says that when she sings you cannot hear a pin drop. The audience stick it.



parachutes after making a landing during exercises

TASKS OF BRITANNIA

their frightfulness to destroy the peoples and crops of Europa. Britannia endeavoured to hold the raging beasts, but the weaklings of Europa, Fifth Columnists and Quislings, foolishly let them loose again. Rampant, they then crossed their frontiers and ravaged them, running amuck in the process.

The Man-Eating Panzers

NASTY, self-styled Overlord of Germania, was so cruel that he was wont to throw all who came across his path to his troops of wild Panzers, mechanised horses of great power, which devoured everything.

Britannia with some of her brave friends sailed over the seas and through the air to capture the tyrant. She exposed his perfidy before his own people, who thereupon gave him to his own mechanised horses to eat. She then brought her white horses over the sea and gave the Panzers a dose of their own medicine by giving them to her own horses to eat. The few that escaped were driven up into the mountains, where they were mopped up by all the King's Men, lying there waiting for them.

The Scalp of the Ersatz Hun

BRITANNIA made many long and dangerous journeys to obtain the bloodstained scalp of Whittler, imitation king of the warlike Huns, who dwelt in Germania. Some say she killed him after a hard fight, and others that she abandoned him to the tender mercies of a friend and ally, the Giant Panda of Russ. At any rate, she succeeded in her object of bringing his infamous scalp back to Britain for exhibition in her Rogue's Gallery.

The Battle With the Giant

FAR away from Britain, in the little-known depths of backward Europa, there was a benighted country called Germania. Strange tidings came thence of a mechanised giant named Nasty the Nazi, who owned many slaves and a double-dyed dog to watch them, called Gestapo. Britannia set out to free these poor souls from their slavery.

Scorched by the heat as she flew up near the sun god, the rest of the world stood by and

admired her tenacity. After a terrific struggle she slew the giant himself, his yes-men, and his cruel dog. Even then all was not peaceful sailing homewards, for in Italiano a fire-and-slaughter-breathing pygmy who fancied himself a giant, called Messy Mussy the Top Wop, stole some of his fellow Nasty's thunder. He also cruelly ill-treated his slaves, but Britannia heard their cries for help and took pity on them, squeezing him to death to set them free.

The Golden Promise

IN a beautiful and fruitful land called Europa lived several races of people at peace with themselves and the rest of the world, cultivating and enjoying the fruits of the earth and going freely and calmly about their business. A mechanised monster invaded these delightful regions with ways full of frightfulness. Britannia had suffered many arduous wanderings, and terrible fights with similar tyrants, so she endeavoured to cope with this new one. He tried all sorts of dirty tricks to escape from her strong hands and stronger arms, but finding all his wiles of no avail he resorted to his natural forms of beastliness. Britannia appealed to Uncle Sam for help, and he agreed to send her all she required to fight the menace to the death. Between them this led to its extinction.

The Mad Dog of the Underworld

IN Europa, enslaved and made an abode of the good-as-dead by the Nasty of Germania, his savage dog Gestapo kept watch and ward, constantly spying on those still living, preventing them escaping, and debarring them from any means of freedom, enjoyment, or liberty. Britannia fought him, his system, and his dog, with all the weapons within her power. By the might of her arms she succeeded in restoring to the enslaved their rights and freedom.

The justice and righteousness of the cause lent to her an additional mighty strength. She then rested from her many labours and went freely about the world doing many brave and noble things. She will always be highly honoured as the best type of mental and physical strength. Right is her might, and mighty indeed is her right arm.

What Are They All Then?

TAKE warning by me, all ye who tread on this stone. Once I was as ye are; now I am dead and buried. Neither counsel, nor art, nor medicine could avail me aught. What are honor, wisdom, might, or vast wealth when death comes?

Hubert van Eyck was I named. I was well known and highly honoured in painting; suddenly I was changed into nothing. In the year of the Lord 1426, on the 18th day of September, I gave up my spirit. All ye who love art, pray God for me, that I may see his face. Flee from sin and seek after good, for ye must follow me at the end of your days.

Epitaph in the cathedral at Ghent

Victorious Men of Earth

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more Proclaim how wide your empires are; Though you bind in every shore And your triumphs reach as far: As night and day, Yet you proud monarchs must obey, And mingle with forgotten ashes when Death calls ye to the crowd of common men. James Shirley

WEEP NO MORE

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan, Sorrow calls no time that's gone: Violets plucked the sweetest rain Makes not fresh nor grow again; Trim thy locks, look cheerfully; Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see; Joy as winged dreams fly fast, Why should sadness longer last? Grief is but a wound to we, Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more. Probably by John Fletcher

When Darkness Brings the Night

EACH day that dawns must meet an earthly close, And every gift that stirs man's heart to song (The unscent perfume of the thyme and rose, The forest's early green), will pass ere long. The setting sun awakes a distant morn; The blossom withers to release the grain; Through death the soul's unending life is born, And in the Spring the sap will rise again. Nothing that once was ours shall end in loss; It is but perfected by One above, Whose crowning triumph was a lonely Cross, His deepest grief the measure of His love. Only when darkness brings the night from far Is light revealed in fashion as a star. Ierne Ormsby

THE PRESENCE

It rests upon the verdict of all true-hearted and good men that there is not a nook or corner of the world in which something cannot be found which will touch or comfort men's minds with a sense of the divine presence. John Keble

William Blake Sings

HE said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see, hoping for salvation through Jesus. Just before he died his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven. In truth he died like a saint.

From a letter of the time.



CARRY ON

We'll Safely Guard Our Island Home

O LEAL high hearts of England, The evil days draw near, When ye, with steel in heart and hand, Must strike for all that's dear! And better tread the bloodiest deck, And fiercest field of fame, Than break the heart and bow the neck, And sit in the shadow of shame. Let Despot, Death, or Devil come, United here we stand: We'll safely guard our Island Home, Or die for the dear old Land. O, Warriors of Old England, You'll hurry to the call; And her good ships shall sail the storm, With their merry mariners all. In words she wasteth not her breath, But be the trumpet blown, And in the battle's dance of death, She'll dance the bravest down.

Success to our dear England, When dark days come again; And may she rise up glorious As the rainbow after rain. A thousand memories warm us still, And ere the old spirit dies, The purple of each wold and hill From English blood shall rise.

God strike with our dear England! Long may the old land be The guiding glory of the world; Home of the fair and free! Old Ocean on his silver shield Shall lift our little Isle Unvanquished still by flood or field, While the heavens in blessing smile.

Let Despot, Death, or Devil come, United here we stand: We'll safely guard our Island Home, Or die for the dear old land.

Gerald Massey

THE GREAT WALL WITH THE SPIRIT OF CHINA

THERE in the mist, enormous, majestic, silent, and terrible, stood the Great Wall of China.

Solitary, with the indifference of nature herself, it crept up the mountain side and slipped down to the depth of the valley. Menacingly, the grim watch towers, stark and four-square, at due intervals stood at their posts. Ruthlessly, for it was built at the cost of a million lives and each one of those great grey stones

has been stained with the tears of the captive and the outcast, it forged its dark way through a sea of rugged mountains. Fearlessly, it went on its endless journey, league upon league to the farthestmost regions of Asia, in utter solitude, mysterious like the great empire it guarded.

There in the mist, enormous, majestic, silent, and terrible, stood the Great Wall of China.

Somerset Maugham

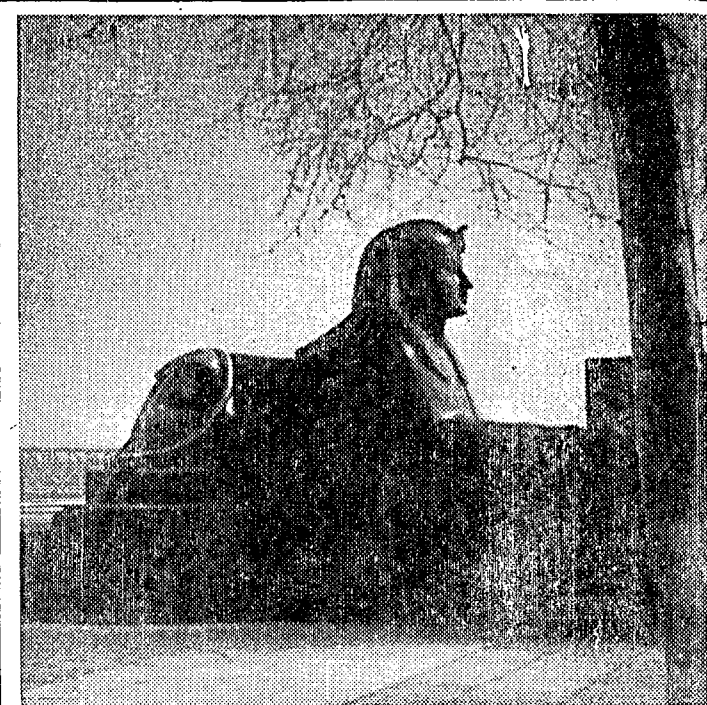
A PRAYER FOR ALL

Lord God, we thank Thee for the tender mercy and pity Thou dost bestow upon us at this time. Grant that this mercy and pity may extend to the hearts of all, that men may become as brothers, their hands stayed from war, and peace be restored between all nations. Forgive us for the punishment we inflict through warfare, granting that through Thy mercy and through our strivings we may attain the promised peace which passeth all understanding. Amen

We Are All in the Ship Together

THOUGH I don't like the crew, I won't sink the ship. I'll do my best to save the ship. I'll pump and heave and haul and do anything I can, though he that pulls with me were my enemy. The reason is plain. We are all in the ship and must sink or swim together.

Daniel Defoe



Moonlight on the Thames Embankment

Japan to Drop the Chinese Alphabet

WHILE Hitler has been encouraging the use of Roman lettering in place of Gothic, his bullying partner in the Far East has been trying to suppress the use of this clear form of print.

It is true that Roman lettering has been mainly confined to tourist literature and to the names of stations on their railways, but even these are to be blotted out as foreign.

When, many centuries ago, the literature of Confucius came to Japan by way of Korea, and that of Buddhism arrived direct from China, the Japanese greatly appreciated the high standard of Chinese civilisation and became ardent pupils. Having no written language of their own, they adopted the Chinese.

The Chinese character still forms the basis of most Japanese writing and printing, which reminds us that Japan owes most of its culture to the country she now seeks to enslave. All official documents are in Chinese characters even today, and so similar is their writing that an educated Japanese can correspond with

an educated Chinese though he cannot understand a word he utters, so different is the pronunciation.

There is, however, a third form of writing in use by the Japs, which has gradually been evolved down the centuries. This is based on vocal sounds instead of the ideographs on which Chinese writing is based. Fifty pen strokes represent these sounds, and when he has learned these by heart any Japanese schoolboy can write his own language so that no Chinaman unfamiliar with it could understand it.

This writing according to sound has two names—hira-gana for handwriting and kata-kana for printed letters. Frequently we come across these kata signs in those Japanese newspapers which are still printed in Chinese characters, inserted to show how unfamiliar words should be pronounced.

The Japanese Ministry of Education is now proposing for national reasons to replace the Chinese characters by the hira-gana and kata-kana.

WAR WITHIN WAR

THE war waged against the influenza germ has become total war. Protective methods to defeat the cold and flu germ are to be used throughout the nation this winter.

It is a Government scheme, and will embrace factories, cinemas, air-raid shelters, and transport services; and this war against the sickness that costs us so many tanks, planes, and guns will be as fierce as that against the Nazi hordes. Some

towns are providing face masks against germ infection; spraying of shelters several times during the night and day will be widely practised; some firms will give breaks for deep-breathing exercises, to be done in the open air in fit weather. Two factories in the north-east, which employ more than 20,000 workers, will get a free supply of vitamin tablets weekly—not to cure flu, but to build up the bodily resistance to this universal pest.

BEDTIME CORNER

Watering the Ash Tree

A YOUNG farmer found that his farm was not prospering, and so he consulted a wise old neighbour.

"Things will soon turn out right," said the old man, "if every morning at four o'clock you will pour a can of water on the ash tree in your farmyard."

This seemed very foolish advice, and the farmer was not fond of early rising; but eventually he decided to give the advice a trial.

After a few mornings he made such discoveries of plunderings by dishonest persons who little expected him to be about so early that he soon saw where the trouble lay.

The farmer dated the prosperity which later came to him from the using of the watering-pot.

Bible Question

What was the city whose walls fell at the blast of trumpets?

Jericho

LOVER OF LITTLE CHILDREN

*Jesus, He loves one and all,
Jesus, He loves children small,
Their souls are waiting round His feet
On High before His mercy-seat.*

*While He wandered here below
Children small to Him did go,
At His feet they knelt and prayed,
On their heads His hands He laid.*

*Came a Spirit on them then,
Better than of mighty men,
A Spirit faithful, pure, and mild,
A Spirit fit for King and child.*

*Oh, that Spirit give to me,
Jesu, Lord, where'er I be!*

Charles Kingsley



A Word About the Peace Parliament

The present Parliament is to be extended for a seventh year, as a General Election could not fairly be held during the war.

All believers in democracy, however, are anxious that this long gap should not weaken this central instrument of our national life, our Parliament, which Mr Churchill declared ten years ago to be a sacred trust.

War necessarily increases the powers of the Executive Government, while the faults in our electoral system tend to be emphasised. The Liberal Party, which has always been anxious to secure electoral reform, has been giving serious thought to the matter, because as soon as Hitler is beaten and things again become normal a new Parliament will be called for, and it will be essential that it should be truly representative and capable of the tremendous tasks awaiting it.

The Liberal Party emphasises three main defects which were in evidence even before the war. The first is the power of the Party Whip, who insists on strict support of the Government in office, withholding promotion from critics within the party and thus encouraging yes-men.

Young Men Needed

The second factor in reducing the vitality of the Commons is stated to be the increasing age of the members. It is declared to be of great importance that men should enter it young if they are to make their mark. As examples we are reminded that Mr Churchill was 25 when he entered the House, while among other efficient prime ministers Mr Lloyd George was 27, Mr Asquith 33, Benjamin Disraeli 32, William Gladstone 22, Palmerston 23, and Pitt 21.

The third defect is that many members now give more thought to their constituencies than to the country as a whole, endeavouring to secure contracts for their electorate, and so on. With one party becoming more and more representative of the countryside and its special needs, and another almost entirely drawn from mining and industrial districts, there is a narrowing of outlook in each camp, with an increasing inability to see the wood for the trees.

It is urged by the Liberal Party, therefore, that before this Parliament is dissolved there should be a special Conference, with the Speaker in the chair, to examine the present methods by which the House of Commons is recruited.

MRS HICKS WALKS UPSTAIRS

Mrs Hicks of Devonport has for two years been an invalid able to move her fingers only, and condemned to lie wherever she was put. One night she had been carried down to the cellar, where she leaned against a wall. A high-explosive bomb fell and shook the place viciously, which made Mrs Hicks's spine tingle, and when the Raiders Passed sounded she got up with the others and walked up the stairs!

She seems to be perfectly cured, a wonderful thing at 69 years old.

KABBARLI AND HER BLACKFELLOWS

She Watches Them Pass Out of the World

A LETTER sent off from her tent in June has reached us at last, telling us of the happiness of Mrs Daisy Bates in finding herself back among her own people, the dying race of Blackfellows whose passing from the world she has been watching for more than a generation.

As our readers know, she is Kabbarli to them all—Grandmother—and has lately returned to them after being away for six years in Adelaide, writing her records or resting on the banks of the Murray River.

Her heart is sad for them all, she writes. Though only a few years have passed since she left them, sad changes have come about. Many she left young and lusty among the men have died or been killed; she does not question them, but the downturned thumb tells her of death when she speaks of one or another. Nabbari, the mother who made the thousand-mile trek with her little lame boy, is still living and well, and so is the boy; the child Nabbari left behind her at that time because she had to carry her lame boy is now a young woman of 20, and so like her mother that Mrs Bates recognised her when she came to her tent.

Muja-Muja-Na, the lad who helped Mrs Bates to build a strong bough-shed before she went away, is now a fine and sturdy fellow with a little wife and a baby so small that Mrs Bates writes: "The little thing lay happily and comfy in my hand, a perfect little Venus."

Mrs Bates writes that she thinks in another 50 years these Natives of Central Australia will be near their final extinction. She is filled with pity at the prospect, for the old men are blind or helpless, and the mixing of people of all ages has removed the one thing that might have kept the people in some awe of the magic powers of the old men. Even the sacred totems have lost their magic. The young men and girls have picked up enough English at a mission to scoff at the old restrictions, and with the old men so helpless there is nobody to hold them in awe, none of the old magic of their grandfathers' days. They have become lawless mobs.

As the Years Go On

It seems that these young men, who were youths and children when Mrs Bates left them, have grown into aboriginal communists and have set aside all restraint in camp. As the years go on, says Mrs Bates, they may become more desperate in their belief that no one can stop their wickedness. The police do their best to keep these mobs within bounds, but the few police are ranged against young Blackfellows to whom the bush is an open book.

But with all this sadness round about her Mrs Bates carries on her work—and her work is here, she tells us, as long as she lives. "God is bringing back my physical strength again, and even my eyes are better, so that I can do all my own work and wait on my Natives instead of asking them to wait on me. Two old sisters who have been friends since 1919

are with me, and it is a joy to see their poor faces light up with love and happiness. They come to me daily."

No mission nor any other influence, says Mrs Bates, can unify these scattered mobs today, and so she ministers to a dying people. All the women are the slaves of the mobs, who take even their food from them and give them nothing back.



Mrs Bates gathering firewood

The whole teaching of the young men in these mobs is centred on the utter and entire mastery of their women folk—sister, daughter, mother, grandmother, all must serve the men.

"I am talking to you quietly in my tent," Mrs Bates concludes. "I am out of bounds with all white people, having made myself so through fear of disease owing to contact with the Natives, but I go to the gate of one house by the railway, where I obtain my mail-bag and food supplies. My dear love to you and the CN and to every one of our kin at home, such a noble example to us all. God bless us every one, and send us a great and clean victory. I am quite well and strong and very happy to fill my niche in this time of war and stress. I do hope this letter will reach you. God save the King and Empire and Civilisation."

MRS BATES'S writing is much better than it has been for some years, a good proof that her eyesight is improving. We gather that she kept Empire Day with her Blackfellows by giving them a feast at which, after sugar and tobacco had been distributed, all the people stood up and sang God Save the King. "It may be," says Mrs Bates, "that this Empire Day feast of ours will become a special memory with the old and young now gathered round me, and will cheer me, too, in my passing."

WONDERFUL LENINGRAD

OF Russia's two greatest cities, which have this autumn been the prizes most coveted by the Nazi war-mongers, it has been said that Moscow represents the national heart and Leningrad its head. However true this may be of Moscow, the ancient and new capital, it is undoubtedly true of Leningrad, which was the capital for the greater part of its existence, about two centuries.

Three times has it been named in this brief period, brief as national cities go. First it was named St Petersburg after its founder, the extraordinary man we know as Peter the Great. He wanted a window looking out on Europe, he said, and planned this city. When the Germans attacked Russia in 1914 the name was Russianised into Petrograd, and on the death of Lenin the city in which he raised the flag of Revolution was renamed in his honour.

Just outside the terminus of the railway from Finland, at which Lenin alighted on that momentous day in 1917, is a statue of this vital man, pointing southward across the River Neva. As it should be, it is far more dramatic a statue than the colossal statue of Peter the Great on his prancing steed, which stands near the old Admiralty.

Built on a Swamp

It was to secure his country a dominant position on the Baltic, giving it an outlet to the trade of the world, that Peter built his city. He built it on a swamp—made firm, said his enemies, by the bones of those who died in forced labour. Mingled with the piles on which the city stands lie these humble peasants in their thousands, yet so determined was Peter to succeed that he compelled the people to come there, and the population had grown to 70,000 when he died.

Under the tsars who succeeded him the city prospered beyond his dreams, reaching a million 50 years ago, to treble that number as the 49 islands formed by the Neva have been built upon.

Viewed from a plane, or from the dome of St Isaac's Cathedral (300 feet high), Leningrad is a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. There is the Neva, embanked by walls of grey and pink granite, winding in from Lake Ladoga, Europe's biggest sheet of still water, on the eastern horizon, and sweeping west in a long curve to continue as a ship canal across 18 miles of Neva Bay to pass by Kronstadt, the mighty island fortress. Kronstadt withstood the combined fleets of France and England in the Crimean War.

Canals and Railways

There are canals which transport the produce brought into the heart of the city by the ship canal to Moscow, to Murmansk, and to the River Volga. There are converging railways which carry that produce when these waterways are icebound for half the year and more. There are wide and narrow streets, the chief being the Prospect of the 25th of October. There are great parks and open spaces like the Uritski Garden, Lenin Park, the Square of the Victims of the Revolution, the Garden of the Toilers, and (away in the distance) the Summer Garden, a name with a real meaning here, for summer in this cold and damp city is very brief and brilliant. But most impressive of all are the buildings of this City of Palaces and Mansions. Perhaps the most striking is the Admiralty, whose slim spire carries a ship as a weathervane and rises from a tower enriched by 28 pillars and many statues.

The two world-famous buildings of the city are the Palace of Arts and the Hermitage. Formerly known as the Winter Palace, the Palace of Arts has over 1000 rooms, in which 6000 courtiers and servants lived with the tsars; today it is the Museum of Revolution. The Hermitage, however, has suffered little change. We can make our way through its two miles of galleries to see masterpieces of the world's greatest artists, and gems of craftsmanship dating back to the Greeks and Scythians who colonised Southern Russia. If we love books there are over five millions in the public library, founded in 1798, and there is also a museum of literature in Pushkin's old home. Every kind of museum and educational institute exists, the State having used in this way hundreds of palaces and mansions.

Happy Workers

Russian music is never long absent from our wireless programmes, and in Leningrad many works we all love received their first performance. The Russian Ballet has invigorated the dancing of the whole world; and other arts have gained from the work of poor students here.

During the rule of the tsars the student life of Russia was centred in this city, the students joining with the workers in their hatred of the court, which usually repressed them both. Today the workers live happier lives, with new communal buildings in place of the warrens of 20 years ago, while the factories are on a vast scale and planned in modern style. Leningrad is one of the greatest industrial centres in Russia, with engineering, textile, rubber, and chemical works, employing half a million people.

Workers, soldiers, sailors, airmen, and students of art and science, all throng the wide streets and cross the rivers and canals over many bridges.

The Cotton House

They are making houses of cotton in America, where there is plenty of cotton to spare, and where even cotton roads have been laid down.

Needless to say, the cotton is reinforced by other material, and the fabric is bound together by plywood and glues or resins. But a 500-pound bale of cotton will suffice to build a cottage, with another 160 pounds added for fire-proof material. Cotton blankets woven and otherwise treated for warmth can be added to the cottage's requirements. But the particular quality of the cotton house, and so dear to American hustle, is that it can be put up in less than three days, and the demand for them is growing fast.

Over there they will soon be speaking of cotton bungalows and cotton villages.

PROFESSOR KAPITZA GOES ON Low Temperature in Russia

Our old Russian friend Professor Kapitza is still carrying on in Moscow the scientific research he began with us at Cambridge University. His latest invention in the realm of very low temperatures is a new, cheaper, and more rapid way of producing liquid air.

The low temperature of liquid air and other liquefied gases is ordinarily arrived at by applying the fact that when a gas is compressed it becomes heated, and when decompressed it rapidly cools. By successive steps of compression and expansion, the method now most in use reduces the temperature of the gas to 320 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, and it liquefies. But Kapitza has discovered that if, besides releasing the pressure, you make the expanding gas do some work it cools much faster. So the professor makes the gas work a turbine 40,000 times a minute, and the whole operation makes 60 pounds of liquid air an hour. This is useful to some munition factories as well as to scientists.

In the Luckiest Coal Country in the World

We yield to none in our appreciation of the difficulties of the present crisis, but we refuse to agree that the great Coal Muddle is anything but a National Scandal for which the authors should never be pardoned.

The Ministry of Mines, which we now understand to be the authority that has failed adequately to furnish us with coal, now implores us to live in one sitting-room to save fuel.

Winter is very near at hand and we do not yet know what is to be done about coal. There are rumours of rationing, and it is to be hoped Authority will soon make up its mind on the subject. A severe winter would be a serious ordeal if coal had to be severely rationed.

WHY BOOKS?

A CN reader to whom his library was his chief intellectual joy had many of his books damaged by violence this summer, and the other day he was showing something of the wreckage to an esteemed visitor.

The visitor, a man who has held high civic office and has given half a lifetime of service to the betterment of his fellows, looked about him with surprise. "But why," he asked, "do you need all these books?" After recovering his breath the other replied: "Why does an art-lover cherish his pictures, a gardener his flowers, a man his friends? Only in terms such as these can one explain, and if necessary apologise for, the book-lover's affection for the works that it has taken him so many years to collect."

Banana Leaves

As we cannot have bananas might we not copy the Japanese, who are making cord out of the fibre in banana leaves? Hitherto they have imported hemp from Manila, in the Philippine Islands. That source of supply has been cut off by America, and Japan has speedily found a good substitute.

An Old Monastery Changes Its Address FROM THE GOLDEN EMPIRE TO THE GOLDEN GATE

THE glittering American city of San Francisco has lately had a surprise offer. Mr William Randolph Hearst, the millionaire collector, has presented it with a complete Cistercian monastery.

Some years ago Mr Hearst, who collects old silver and old armour as well as old buildings, saw the monastery of Santa Maria de Ovila on the River Tagus, about eighty miles from Madrid. He wanted America to see this fine specimen of medieval architecture from the Golden Empire of Spain, so he bought it.

The monastery was taken to pieces stone by stone, each stone carefully labelled, and the whole building transported across the Atlantic. It has been in a warehouse ever since, waiting until Mr Hearst had found the right spot on which to erect it.

It was offered for sale with the rest of Mr Hearst's collections early this year, when two great shops were filled with his treasures, and all New York sauntered through the stores either looking or buying. The monastery, however, remained unsold.

San Francisco has many Spanish associations, and the old

monastery is now coming to life again facing the broad waters of the Pacific. It will take years to erect the building in the Golden Gate Park. Some of its oldest parts date from the twelfth century. It has a church, now carefully packed in hundreds of crates, measuring 160 feet long and 50 feet high. There is a complete monk's dormitory and a refectory with heavy, arched vaults and walls five feet thick. The central feature of the monastery is a cloister a hundred feet square, and every part of the building, including even the most worn parts, is said to be available.

A woman architect, Miss Julia Morgan, is working on the plans for the re-erection. Fortunately she has the plans which were made when the monastery was dismantled. It is expected that this beautiful old building will also house some of Mr Hearst's precious stained glass.

As its old stones come out of their wrappings they will feel the sun of the Pacific shore, and will be a constant reminder to San Francisco of its ancient foundations and its debt to the glories of Europe.

In the Brontë Cellar

ALL who know the Yorkshire village of Haworth, home of the famous Brontë family, will be interested to hear that Mr H. G. Mitchell, Keeper of the Brontë Parsonage, is making a new museum in a cellar of the famous house on the moors where the Brontës lived, and where so many of them died.

Mr Mitchell believes that very often grandchildren know

little of what life was like in grandfather's day, and he thinks it a good idea to gather tools and household oddments and any other articles of interest which illustrate the everyday life of people who lived two generations ago. In our fight against Hitler it is a good thing to gather salvage, but a pity to throw away as useless articles which have historic value.

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THE BRAN TUB

ONLY

CAREFUL Housekeeper: "Have you boiled the drinking water?"

Faithful Servant: "Yes'm."

"And sterilised the milk?"

"Yes'm."

"What is this in the soup?"

"Oh, that is only a cockroach, mum!"

Do You Live in Yorkshire?

YORKSHIRE is the district or stewardship of York, and that name is from the Celtic *Eborach*, meaning "the place of the marsh," evidently a description of York as it was in ancient times.

Sonnet to a Cow

WIT, cow, how canst thou be so satisfied?
So well content with all things here below?
So unobtrusive and so sleepy-eyed,
So meek, so lazy, and so very slow?
Dost thou not know that everything is mixed,
That nought is as it should be on this earth,
That grievously the world needs to be fixed,
That nothing we can give has any worth,
That times are hard, that life is full of care,
Of sin and trouble and untowardness,
That love is folly, friendship but a snare?
Prit, cow! this is no time for laziness!
The cud thou chewest is not what it seems!
Get up and moo! Tear round and quit thy dreams!

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the south-west, Mars is in the south-east, and Jupiter is with Saturn in the east. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past 6 on Sunday evening, October 26.

HOW WILLIE EARNED 6d

"THERE are a lot of things that I hear about," said Willie, "but I never see them."

"I will give you a penny for every one you can name," said his father. Here is Willie's list:

A hair from a hammer's head.
A wink from the eye of a needle.
A blanket from the bed of a stream.
A tooth from the mouth of a river.
A toe from the foot of a mountain.
A feather from the wing of an army.

Why It Is Versailles

IT is said that Versailles takes its name from the French words *verser*, to upset, and *aller*, to go. It was so called because, until Louis the Fourteenth made it a magnificent town and his favourite residence, the roads leading to it were so bad that most carriages going there were upset on the way.

HOLIDAY

AN elephant bellowed, "Hooray! I am off to the jungle today. I have tied a neat tag To my best gladstone bag, And my trunk, too, is labelled that way."

Jacko Goes Fishing



THE fishmonger had a good supply of fish that morning. But as Mother Jacko was wondering what to choose a great fat fish suddenly rose up and was whisked away over her head! She nearly fainted with fright. It was only Jacko at the bedroom window, having a bit of sport with his fishing rod.

ABSENT-MINDED

LESSING, the great German author, was subject in his old age to extraordinary fits of abstraction.

On his return home one evening, after he had knocked at his own door the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognising his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The master is not at home."

"Oh, very well," replied Lessing. "No matter. I'll call another time!"

How Thackeray Wrote His Name

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, who was born in Calcutta in 1811, was one of the cleverest men of the nineteenth century. We know him best through his novels,

Wm Thackeray

some of which remain unrivalled, but he was also prominent as a satirist and critic. He had a talent for drawing and caricature, and illustrated some of his works himself. He died in 1863.

WINTER HAS BEGUN

GREEN leaves turn to yellow;
Yellow leaves to red—
See them falling, falling
On the garden bed.

Bare trees stand and whisper;
Cold winds moan and cry—
Hear them calling, calling
As we hurry by.

Flowers have lost their petals;
Pattering raindrops sound;
Dead leaves lie so dreary
On the soaking ground.

"Winter," sigh the breezes—
"Winter has begun!"
But Robin's singing cheery
About next year's sun!

Weather Teller

AN ingenious weather teller can be fixed up with a letter balance and some salt. On one side of the scales put an ounce weight, and on the other a tin lid filled with sufficient salt to make the scales balance. This should be done on a dry day. When rain is coming the salt takes up moisture from the atmosphere and this side of the scale goes down. With the return of dry weather the salt loses its moisture again and the balance is restored.

Ici on Parle Français

Ce Que Vaut un Artiste

Léonard de Vinci mourut dans les bras de François Ier. Comme les seigneurs de la Cour s'étonnaient de l'honneur que leur roi faisait au grand artiste, il se tourna vers eux et leur dit:

"Messieurs, je puis faire en un jour nombre de seigneurs comme vous. Il n'y a que Dieu seul qui puisse faire un artiste tel que celui que nous venons de perdre."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetic and Spelling
Clamp, bLuff, find, fLood, paCh, pLan, leaD, latCh, fLour.
Do You Know Me?
Kettle

RADIO AIL
A ORION E
TO OLD BA
PUN DEAR
PER ANN
ERNE AR
NA CAPLE
NAGREE R
YES EXTRA

YOUR CHILD IN WARTIME

HOW TO KEEP KIDDIES WELL AND AVOID COLDS

By NURSE E. CAVENDISH, the authority on Children's Welfare.



In spite of the difficulties of rationing it's simple to keep children well and strong and free from coughs and colds and other ailments, if you choose your food properly. There are lots of good, simple foods you can give them, even if some of the best, like milk, are scarce. Milk is so good for kiddies that you ought to give them as much as you can, even if it means cutting down the amount you take yourself. But, with transport as it is, make sure the milk is sterilised. Just bring it to the boil quickly, and cool it quickly, too.

Another thing that is good for children, if you can get it, is oatmeal, for it gives warmth and energy. If it is plentiful here you, there are lots of ways of using it besides serving it as just plain porridge, though of course that is a very good way to start the day.

Make your own Cough Mixture

Here is a real old-fashioned remedy for Coughs and Colds which can easily be made up at home and is ideal for children because they like its pleasant taste, yet brings better results than anything you've ever tried. Heat half a pint of water, to which you add one ounce of Parment (double strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: A little sugar, or one or two spoonfuls of syrup, or juice from jam or thinned fruit. The whole makes a pleasant-tasting mixture which brings immediate results from the most stubborn coughs and colds and is particularly good for children. Dosage: children 8-12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years, 1 teaspoonful—each four times a day. For adults, use a tablespoonful. The Parment (Double Strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation.

Every Kind of WASTE PAPER IS NEEDED

MOST URGENT WARNINGS

We have been given to the nation to be prepared for renewed dangers from air raids as days shorten and nights lengthen. OUR MISSION IS PREPARED. Our Women Doctors are ever ready for any emergency. If our many-sided work appeals to your sympathy, please send a generous gift to The Rev. Percy Ineson, EAST END MISSION (Founded 1883), 583, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

A GREAT WAR WITH NO SHOOTING

The Chance For a Fight When This is Over

Boy. The Americans talk about a shooting war. Are there wars without shooting?

Man. Yes, wars without shooting can be both bad and good. The drinking bar makes war upon life, for instance; thousands die outright of it and tens of thousands lose years of life by it; yet there is no shooting. But the biggest war without shooting is the war on poverty, and it is and must be war without end. It is the war we must wage when the shooting war is over.

Boy. Science is helping the shooting war by improving weapons. Are there weapons for peace?

Man. That brings us to the point. At the great meeting of scientists called by the British Association one of the speakers, a lady, faced the meeting with the invitation to science to bring into the kitchens of the people the appliances and fittings which would "rationalise the burden of house-keeping." What she meant was that science ought to give women weapons to fight poverty.

Boy. Has science done much for our homes?

Man. It has done little yet for common folk; it has been too proud to study kitchen sinks and has only just begun to apply itself to keeping us warm. The majority of our houses lack good weapons and are cold in winter.

Boy. When peace comes, couldn't we have a Kitchen Sink Week to provide every house with a steel sink and draining-board easy to keep clean and free from smells?

Man. Of course we could, but with this difference—that it would be a small thing, and easy, to fit up all houses with good sinks, whereas it is a mighty and difficult thing to fit up an army with tanks. If the tanks get made with enthusiasm while no one even dreams of good kitchen sinks, it shows how curiously blind we are to the fact that we regard the means of life as less important than those of death.

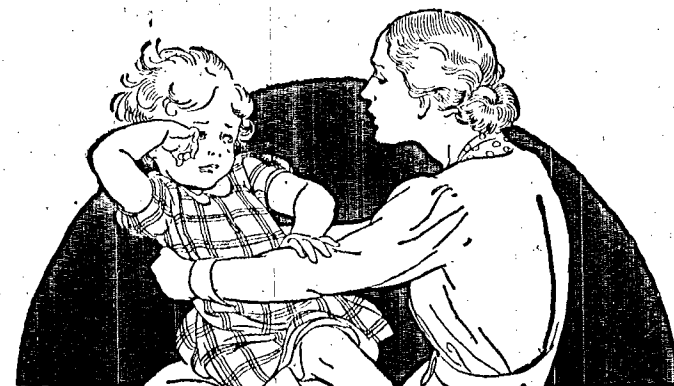
Boy. I saw a picture of a young married woman working a beautiful machine in a factory. What a contrast to her kitchen sink!

Man. Yes, if we have eyes left for reality we must surely be struck

with the fact that we think nothing too good for war even while we tolerate poverty and neglect in peace work.

Boy. I suppose war excites us more than peace.

Man. That is part of the truth, but the chief reason for peace neglect is the assumption that good things, comfortable things, beautiful things, can only be enjoyed by a few. We must get rid of that miserable idea. We must make war on poverty in earnest and on the greatest possible scale. Let us raise brigades of men, skilled with fine weapons, furnished by trained peace munition forces, to march upon Murkeytown and subdue it. Let us clear out the alleys and let in the sunshine. Let us build homes that are a joy to live and to work in, complete with scientific appliances, hard by parks and flowers and vegetable gardens and not far removed from fertile fields. That would be a war worthy of our finest efforts. Oh for the day to begin it, and the spirit to continue it, until the words Riches and Poverty mean nothing!



Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the

pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts. Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'